

Raining up

by Ella Pleiter-Singleton

Age: 11

Rain pitter-patted on the windowpane; as Fern gazed out her second-story bedroom window. The perfect spot each Saturday morning; when everyone was out, to have some orange rind cookies, and freshly squeezed orange juice. Watching her quiet neighbourhood was almost a hobby now.

The main thing Fern did; sitting in her beanbag, was gaze across the road, at the majestic oak trees lining the curb. Imagining them plucking up their roots and strolling down the street.

The art of imagination, Fern liked to call it. Making the world do what she wanted it to do, without actually doing it.

As Fern rested her elbows on the windowsill; sighing with a content smile, her glass of orange juice slipped from its place, spilling all over her great-great grandmothers hand knitted rug. At first, Fern thought she was still imagining, but once the orange juice spill spread to her socks, the tidal wave of horrible realisation dawned on her. 'No!' She exclaimed under her breath, covering her face with her hands. 'This can't be happening.'

As soon as these words left her mouth, she felt the stickiness of her juice; slowly receding. Removing her hands from her face, she watched; open mouthed in utter amazement as her spillage retracted back into the glass. The glass, denying the laws of gravity, then levitated back up to where it once sat on the windowsill. Looking perfectly normal.

Fern sat perplexed; staring at the dry spot of the rug that only a few minutes ago was sopping wet. Just to be sure, Fern lent down and placed her trembling hands on the fluffy warm rug. This was too weird.

'Relax.' Fern harshly reminded herself. 'You're obviously delusional.' After ten long deep breathes, Fern had decided that she would simply go back to watching the oak trees across the road, and not tell anyone about her little 'incident.'

Fern began to open her window, thinking some fresh air would do her muddled mind some good. The frosty breeze crept in through the small gap, and swirled around her mossy black hair. The window was almost half way up; when a white splotch landed upon the recently washed glass. Bird poo. 'Come on!' She yelled, sticking her head out the window. Scanning the sky to try to find the culprit. She didn't even care that she was being splattered with rain.

Up above; hovering in the grey sky, Fern spied a seagull fighting the storms strong winds. A perfectly positioned seagull to land a blow on her window.

Fern pulled back into her room; shaking her head in dismay. When Fern was inside, she thought that bird was smaller than when she first saw it. Taking a second look, Fern watched as the fully-grown seagull went back to being an egg right before her eyes.

Down the egg fell, closer and closer to the hard, muddy ground, in which many puddles where forming. Instantly, Fern lunged out the window, balancing upon the ledge as she caught the freckled egg one-handed, pulling it back into the safety of her warm room.

Out the window, Fern looked at the empty patch of sky where the seagull in her hand had been. Such a strange occurrence on a usually plain Saturday morning.

As Fern stared dumbfounded at the egg in her hand, desperately trying to process what just happened. The strange ability within her; soon came into play again. Causing each puddle to dry up; as the droplets that once fell into them; reformed and rose slowly; at first; then faster and faster. Back up onto the clouds they came from. Every droplet that had seeped into the ground; or splattered on rooves, retraced its steps and zipped through the sky, as if raining upside down.

This gave Fern a peculiar thought, how often, she wondered, would you get to see rain, rain up. Almost never.

Seizing the moment; Fern placed the seagull egg on the dresser next to her and pushed her window fully open. Cautiously, Fern lent out into the damp air. Feeling the rain drops splash against her chin and neck. The first time she had ever been caught in a downpour; without the top of her hair getting wet.

The experience was so un-dull. Something, before today, she thought she would never experience. With her eyes closed, droplets continued to burst with impact when they hit her chin. A feeling almost ticklish. Soon, droplets dripped up her face; and on to her cheeks. This was by far, her favourite and most treasured moment of all the mornings' extraordinary unpredictability.

With a warm smile still on her face, Fern pulled back into her room, opening her eyes as the last droplet peeled it's self from the earth; leaving the ground dry and crisp.

'Wow.' Fern whispered. 'Never done that before.' She said with a yawn. Even though Fern had had a good night's sleep, she suddenly felt very tired. I'll just have a quick lie down, she thought. Hopping into bed and closing her eyes, Fern drifted off into a dream less sleep.

Fern abruptly woke to the sound of a friendly car horn honk. Her family announcing; as they do every Saturday; of their return. Out of bed Fern leaped, refreshed after her quick nap. Running over to the window; where she leant out, waving madly; at the car full of people. With a gasp, Fern remembered her dream. Was it a dream? She wondered. Of course it was a dream you duffer, that would never really happen!

Down stairs Fern rushed, deciding to keep her crazy dream a secret. Such a shame she thought, I would have liked to see rain droplets on rewind. If only I really was; dreaming with my eyes open.

But upon her dresser, a small seagull egg hatched. Pushing its way; through the freckled shell, and flying out; through the open window. Squawking in the clear blue sky.